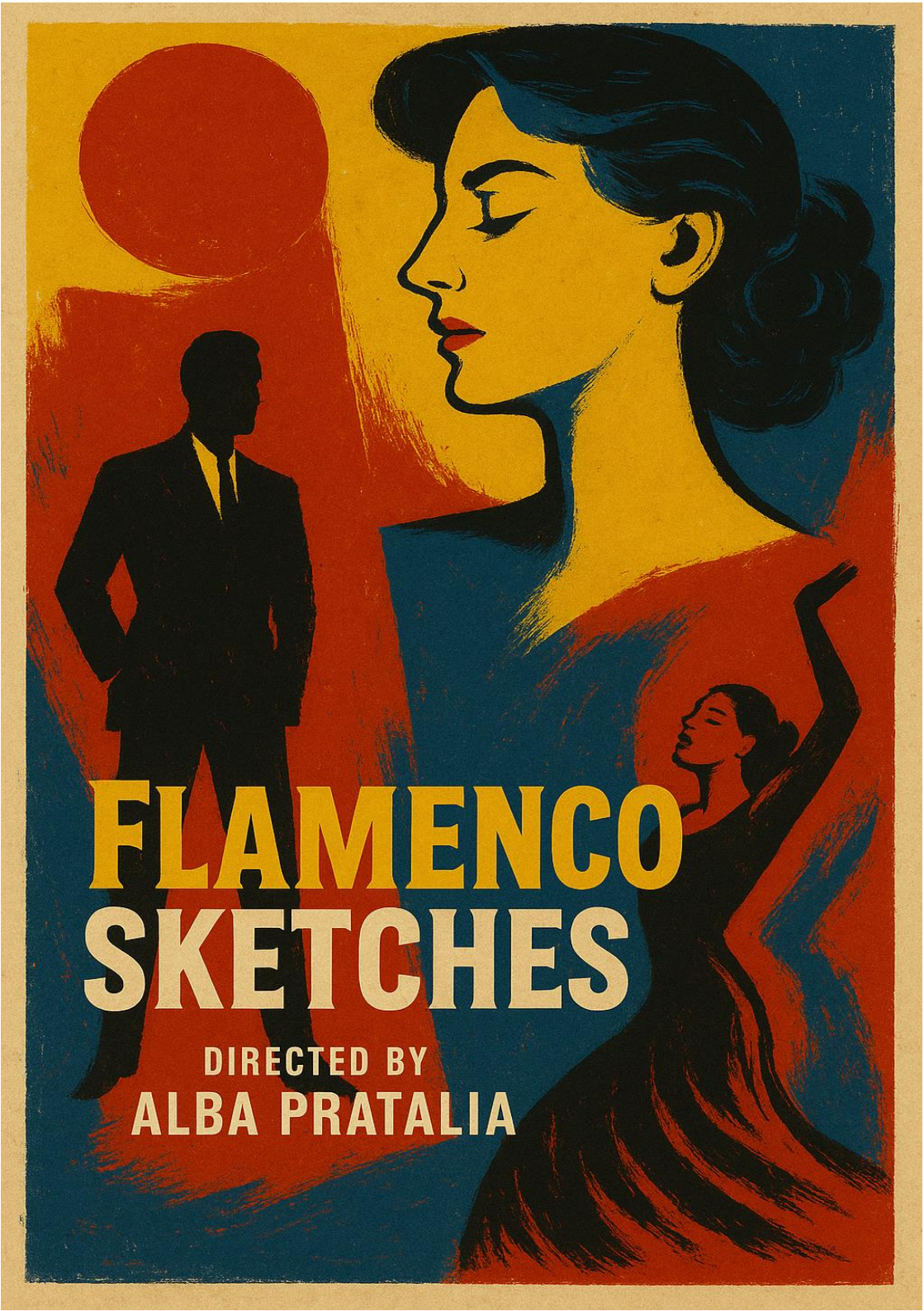
FLAMENCO
SKETCHES
DIRECTED BY
ALBA PRATALIA

FLAMENCO SKETCHES

By Alba Pratalia

Premise:

- The film flows like a standard pornographic movie, with **explicit sex scenes**.
- At **random moments**, the scene cuts to a completely **unrelated sketch**, full of absurd humor, parody, or non-sequiturs.
- The sketches have **nothing to do with the porn** but still use the same actors, adding an extra layer of dissonance.
- After each sketch, the porn resumes as if nothing happened.

Sketch #1: "Good News, Bad News"

(Scene opens mid-action, hardcore, no setup, just straight into it.) [INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT]
A **muscular man** (BUMMER) is **standing**, rhythmically **banging** his **partner** (BUMMED), who is **on all fours** on the bed. The lighting is soft, moody, pornographic perfection.

Suddenly, mid-thrust—

BUMMER:

"I got my blood test results back this morning."

BUMMED:

"Oh." (Slight pause. He grips the sheets.)

BUMMER:

"Yes. Turns out I'm HIV-positive."

BUMMED:

(Instantly stops moving.) *"Whaaaaaaaaaaaaat?!"*

(For a full second, everything freezes. Even the music stops. Crickets chirp outside.)

Then—without missing a beat—

BUMMER:

(Chuckling, resuming thrusting) *"Just joking. But I love when you squeeze your ass."*

BUMMED:

"WHAT THE FUCK, DUDE?!" (Tries to turn his head but gets rocked forward.)

CUT TO BLACK.

(Immediately transitions back to the porn movie like nothing happened.)

Sketch #2: "The Gift That Keeps on Giving"

[INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT]

Same couple. Same bed. A **few weeks later**. The atmosphere is once again **porn-perfect**—soft lighting, sensual tension, the distant sound of cheap jazz.

BUMMED:

"Fist me."

BUMMER:

(Stunned.) *"What?"*

BUMMED:

"I want you to fist me."

BUMMER:

(Concerned.) *"Dude, I will hurt you."*

BUMMED:

(Proudly.) *"I've been training. Stretching."*

BUMMER:

(Shrugs.) *"Well, okay."*

(Without hesitation, he grabs a massive bottle of lube, coats his entire hand like he's about to inseminate a cow, and goes for it.)

Squelch.

(His forearm disappears like he's searching for a lost remote in a couch cushion.)

BUMMED:

(Moaning.) *"Deeper. Deeper."*

BUMMER:

(Grunting.) *"Dude, there's something in here."*

BUMMED:

(Breathless.) *"Well, take it out."*

(BUMMER furrows his brow, grips something, and starts pulling.) A BOX EMERGES.

(It's small. Wrapped in red velvet. A ribbon around it.)

BUMMED:

(Beaming.) *"Well, open it."*

BUMMER:

(A bit horrified, but obliges. He unties the ribbon, lifts the lid…)**

Inside is a brand-new Rolex.

BUMMED:

(Breaks into a big, toothy grin. Softly starts singing.) *"Haaaaaappy birthdaaaaay to youuuuuu…"*

BUMMER:

(Stares at him. Stares at the Rolex. Stares back at him.)
“WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK?!” CUT TO BLACK.

(Immediately transitions back to normal porn like nothing happened.)

Sketch #3: "Porcelain Pain"

[INT. BATHROOM – NIGHT]

A man sits on the toilet, hunched forward, sobbing uncontrollably. His face is contorted in pure agony, sweat dripping from his brow.

(Sad orchestral music plays, as if we are witnessing the emotional climax of a war film.)

He clenches the edge of the sink, gasping for breath between ragged sobs. Then, slowly, he turns his tear-streaked face toward the camera. [CLOSE-UP SHOT]

His eyes, filled with unspeakable trauma, lock onto the

audience.

MAN (whispering, voice shaking):

"Shitting when you have hemorrhoids…"

(Deep breath. Swallows hard. A single tear rolls down his cheek.)

"…is like giving birth…"

(Another pause. His fingers tremble on his knee.)

"…to a set of broken china."

(Dramatic zoom-in. His lip quivers. The music crescendos.)

CUT TO BLACK.

(Immediately transitions back to hardcore porn like nothing happened.)

Sketch #4: "The Whistler"

[INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT]

A couple is going **full cowgirl**—her on top, bouncing enthusiastically. The lighting is **sensual**, the **soundtrack is cheesy**, everything is classic porn aesthetics.

HER:

(Panting, mid-bounce) "Put a finger in my ass."

HIM:

(Grumbling, but obliges.) "Ugh, fine." (Slips a finger in.)

HER:

(More intense bouncing.) "Another one."

HIM:

(Skeptical, inserting a second finger.) "You good now?"

HER:

(Eyes rolling back, biting her lip.) "Another."

HIM:

(Deadpan, staring at her.) "What do you want to do—whistle from your ass?"

(He mimics putting two fingers in his mouth and blowing a loud, piercing whistle.) HER BURSTS INTO LAUGHTER.

She **immediately collapses onto his chest**, shaking from uncontrollable giggles.

HIM SIGHS.
(Quietly, to himself.) "There goes my boner."

CUT TO BLACK.

(Immediately transitions back to hardcore porn like nothing happened.)

Alright, here we go—another sketch ready to roll!

Sketch #5: "Cinema Paradiso" [INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT]

Anita is enthusiastically riding **Marcello** like her life depends on it, full cowgirl style. The bed is creaking under the intensity, and Marcello's trying to keep up.

MARCELLO:

(Breathless, eyes wide.)
"Baby, slow down!"

ANITA:

(Pauses, dramatic flair, pointing at her own crotch with absolute seriousness.)
"Marcello, come here!"

(She nails the line with the passion of a seasoned actress, eyes blazing.)

MARCELLO:

(Head flopping back on the pillow, groaning.)
"Anita, I swear··· If you quote *La Dolce Vita* one more time while we're fucking—"

ANITA:

(Gleefully ignoring him, starts again, this time with a seductive whisper.)
"Marcello··· Marcello··· come here···"

(She's fully channeling her inner Anita Ekberg now, lost in the cinematic fantasy.) MARCELLO SIGHS, resigned.

(Muttering to himself, but loud enough for her to hear.)
"I'm gonna start quoting *Rambo* if this keeps up."

CUT TO BLACK.

(Immediately transitions back to hardcore porn like nothing happened.)

Sketch #6: "The Godfather of Bukkake"

[INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT]

Marcello lets out a **deep, guttural groan**, shuddering as he **finishes all over Anita's face**. She **closes her eyes**, tilts her head back like she's basking in the moonlight, and exhales dramatically. Marcello, **ever the gentleman**, immediately **grabs a towel**, reaching out to clean her up.

But before he can—

ANITA:

(Calm, composed, in her most serious cinematic tone.)
"Leave the cum. Take the cannoli."

MARCELLO:

(Pauses, towel in hand. Stares at her.)
"…You did NOT just—"

ANITA:

(Still perfectly still, cum dripping.)
“Leave. The cum. Take. The cannoli.”

MARCELLO:

(Throws towel aside, rubbing his temples.)
“Jesus Christ, Anita.”

ANITA:

(Smirks, licking her lips.)
“It’s not personal, Marcello. It’s strictly business.” CUT TO

BLACK.

(Immediately transitions back to hardcore porn like nothing happened.)

Sketch #7: "The Spy Who Came on Me"

[INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT]

Marcello is **lying back**, **moaning**, his abs tensing as **Anita vigorously jacks him off**. She's focused, dedicated—this is a performance.

As he **starts to cum**, she **keeps stroking** but **suddenly starts shaking his dick** like she's trying to make a cocktail.

Cum goes EVERYWHERE.

On the sheets. On her chest. On the nightstand. A rogue

drop lands on the lamp. Marcello's **eyes widen in horror**.

Beat.

Anita, completely deadpan, **looks at the mess** and then at him.

ANITA:

"Shaken, not stirred."

Marcello just **stares at her**, mouth slightly open, **too drained to even be mad.**

MARCELLO:

(Panting, blinking at the ceiling.)
"…Anita, what the fuck?"

ANITA:

(Smirking, wiping a drop off her cheek.)
"Do you expect me to talk?"

MARCELLO:

"…No, Anita. I expect you to clean."

CUT TO BLACK.

(Immediately transitions back to hardcore porn like nothing happened.)

Sketch #8: "The Good, the Bad, and the Titty"

[INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT]

Marcello is **lying on his back**, catching his breath after a particularly intense session. Anita, **still straddling him**, looks down at him with a sultry smirk.

Without a word, she **grabs both his hands** and **slams them onto her breasts**, pushing his palms firmly against her.

ANITA:

(Grinning, voice dripping with Western grit.)
"Fill your hands, you son of a bitch."

MARCELLO:

(Blanching, blinking up at her.)
"…Did you just quote *True Grit* during foreplay?"

ANITA:

(Bites her lip, teasing.)
"It's called *method acting*, Marcello."

MARCELLO:

(Groans, covering his face with one hand.)
"…I'm gonna need a minute."

ANITA:

(Grinning, leaning down to whisper in his ear.)
"You wanna reload that six-shooter, cowboy?"

MARCELLO:

(Still face-palming, muffled.)
"Jesus Christ, Anita."

CUT TO BLACK.

(Immediately transitions back to hardcore porn like nothing happened.)

Sketch #9: "The Accidental Outlaw"

[INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT]

Marcello is **going at it** from behind, classic **doggy style**. The rhythm is steady, intense, and both are fully in the zone.

Then—**suddenly**—he **slips out** and **accidentally thrusts into the back door**.

Anita **jolts forward**, **eyes wide**—but instead of yelping in pain or shock, she **channels John Wayne**:

ANITA:

(Gripping the sheets, deep cowboy drawl.)
"Whoa, take 'er easy there, Pilgrim."

MARCELLO:

(Freezes mid-motion, blinking.)
"…Are you quoting *John Wayne* while I just accidentally butt-poked you?"

ANITA:

(Over her shoulder, smirking.)

“Figure I oughta lighten the mood, partner.”

MARCELLO:

(Exhales, rubbing his temples.)
“…I swear to God, Anita, one day you’re gonna—”

ANITA:

(Winking.)
“—get me killed? Or turn me on even more?”

Marcello just **shakes his head**, sighs, and **carefully re-navigates to the correct entrance. CUT TO BLACK.**

(Immediately transitions back to hardcore porn like nothing happened.)

Sketch #10: "A Cinematic Education"

[INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT]

Marcello and Anita are lying in bed, things getting hot and heavy. Hands are roaming, breaths are quickening—Marcello is **ready for action**.

But just as he moves in for the final act, Anita gently **puts a hand on his chest** to stop him.

ANITA:

(Casually, shrugging.)
"Not today, I have my period."

Marcello **pauses for a beat**, then **leans back, smirking knowingly**.

MARCELLO:

(Deep breath, dramatic tone.)
"Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn."

ANITA:

(Eyes widen, then a slow grin spreads across her face.)
"Hey… you're learning!"

MARCELLO:

(Proudly, running a hand through his hair.)
"I've been studying."

ANITA:

(Nods approvingly, then pats the bed.)
"Alright, Rhett Butler, let's see how much you *really* learned."

Marcello grins and dives under the covers. CUT TO

BLACK.

(Immediately transitions back to hardcore porn like nothing happened.)

Sketch #11: "Casablownya"

[INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT]

Marcello is **lying back**, **totally spent**, a smug look on his face. Beside him, **Anita is absolutely devastated**—her hair is a mess, her limbs are limp, her **soul has left her body**.

She slowly **turns her head toward him**, gazing at him with **big, dreamy, love-struck puppy eyes**.

Marcello, **still catching his breath**, smirks.

MARCELLO:

(Softly, but with perfect timing.)
"Here's looking at you, kid."

ANITA:

(Still dazed, barely whispering.)
"…Marcello, I think I love y—"

Before she can finish, **he casually reaches over, grabs a cigarette, and lights it**—cool as hell. Anita just **blinks at**

him, torn between **adoration and wanting to slap him**.

CUT TO BLACK.

(Immediately transitions back to hardcore porn like nothing happened.)

Sketch #12: "The Love Lube Story"

[INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT]

Marcello and Anita are **at it again**, deep in the throes of passion. He's **fucking her from behind**, everything smooth, rhythmic—until...

WHOOPS.

Marcello **slips out** and **accidentally goes for the wrong entrance—again.**

Anita **gasps**, her body **jerks forward**, but before she can react—

MARCELLO:

(Panicked, breathless.)
“Sorry!”

ANITA:

(Recovering, turning her head over her shoulder, totally unfazed.)
“Love means never having to say you’re sorry.”

MARCELLO:

(Pauses mid-thrust. Blinks.)
“…Did you just *Love Story* me… while I *butt-mishandled* you?”

ANITA:

(Smirks, winking.)
“I figured it was fitting.”

Marcello **sighs, rubbing his forehead**.

MARCELLO:

“…I need to start watching dumber movies.” Anita just

wiggles her ass invitingly.

ANITA:

(Teasing.)
"You wanna finish apologizing properly?"

Marcello **grins**, shakes his head, and **gets back to business**.

CUT TO BLACK.

(Immediately transitions back to hardcore porn like nothing happened.)

Sketch #13: "Citizen Came"

[INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT]

Marcello is **flat on his back**, **eyes unfocused**, his **soul having just left his body**. He has just **cum inside Anita**, and whatever she did to him **sent him past the stratosphere, past the galaxies, into the fabric of time itself.**

Anita, **still straddling him**, watches him with a knowing, satisfied smirk.

Marcello, **barely able to move**, **slowly** reaches down and **gently, reverently** touches her **source of his pleasure**.

His voice is **barely a whisper**, filled with awe:

MARCELLO:

"…Rosebud."

ANITA:

(Pauses. Blinks. Then bursts out laughing.)
"Marcello, are you seriously quoting *Citizen Kane* right now?"

MARCELLO:

(Still dazed, staring at the ceiling like he's contemplating the meaning of life.)

"…It felt right."

ANITA:

(Grinning, collapsing onto his chest, whispering in his ear.) "Well, Charles Foster Kane… I hope you've got another

sled in you." Marcello just **groans**, already knowing he's in

for round two.

CUT TO BLACK.

(Immediately transitions back to hardcore porn like nothing happened.)

Sketch #14: "GoldenBoner"

[INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT]

Marcello is **lying on his back**, an **impossibly hard boner** standing **straight up**, like a monument to testosterone. Anita, **completely fascinated**, is **playing with it** like it's a scientific experiment.

She **pokes it with a single finger**— **BOING.**

It **bounces back into position** like a stubborn spring. She

nudges it sideways—

BOING.

Right back up.

Marcello **squints at her**, confused.

MARCELLO:

(Frowning.)
"Are you… doing something with it? Like, stroke it? Or

suck it?" Anita just **shakes her head** solemnly.

ANITA:

(Eyes locked on the bouncing boner, hypnotized.)
"Boing. Just Boing."

(Suddenly, the *James Bond Theme* plays from nowhere.)

Marcello **pauses**, then **nods thoughtfully**.

MARCELLO:

(Calm, approving.)
"…I have no objections."

CUT TO BLACK.

(Immediately transitions back to hardcore porn like nothing happened.)

Sketch #15: "Jaws Dropping"

[FLASHBACK – INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT]

Their very first night together. The room is dimly lit, charged with nervous excitement.

Anita, **naked and eager**, reaches for a **regular-sized condom** and starts to unwrap it. She turns to Marcello, who is now **fully exposed**—and she **pauses.**

Her eyes **widen slightly** as she **glances down** at what she's about to cover. Marcello, **watching her reaction**, smirks knowingly.

MARCELLO:

(Smooth as hell, nodding toward the condom.)
"You're going to need a bigger boat." Anita **slowly looks back at him**, blinking. ANITA:

(Murmuring, still staring at the situation.)
"…Holy shit."

She **tosses the regular condom aside** and **reaches for the magnums.**

Marcello just **grins**. **CUT TO BLACK.**

(Immediately transitions back to hardcore porn like nothing happened.)

Sketch #16: "The Graduate··· of Pulling Out"

[INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT]

Anita and Marcello are **hot and heavy**, clothes half off, bodies tangled in passion.

Just as things are about to **escalate**, Anita suddenly **places a hand on his chest**, stopping him.

ANITA:

(Serious tone, sultry but cautious.)
"Dangerous days, Marcello. I'm ovulating."

Marcello **pauses**, processes this for a split second—then, with a confident smirk, he **reaches over to the nightstand, opens the drawer, and dramatically produces a condom** like it's a sacred artifact.

He holds it up between two fingers, **staring at it meaningfully.**

MARCELLO:

(In a deep, prophetic voice.)
"Plastics."

(Cue sudden music cue: *"And here's to you, Mrs. Robinson…")* Anita **bursts into laughter**, grabbing the condom from his hand. ANITA:

(Shaking her head, smirking.)
"You've been waiting for the perfect moment to say that, haven't you?"

MARCELLO:

(Grinning, already rolling the condom on.)
"…A gentleman never reveals his secrets."

CUT TO BLACK.

(Immediately transitions back to hardcore porn like

nothing happened.)

Sketch #17: "Frankenstein's Monster"

[INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT]

Anita is **hungry for more**, practically vibrating with energy, while Marcello is **sprawled out on the bed**, utterly drained.

ANITA:

(Insistent, with a gleam in her eye.)
"Again, again! I want to fuck again!"

Marcello, having already given **three creampies**, looks **exhausted**, like a man who's run a marathon.

MARCELLO:

(Defeated, waving a limp hand in the air.)
"Darling, really… it doesn't work anymore."

Anita **pouts**, clearly not ready to accept defeat.

She **slides down the bed**, starts to **stroke and suck**, working like a woman on a mission. And then—miraculously—it begins to **rise again**, defying gravity, logic, and Marcello's expectations.

ANITA:

(Eyes wide, grinning like a mad scientist, full of triumph.)
"It's alive! It's alive!"

Marcello just **groans**, resigned to his fate, as Anita **climbs back on top**, eager to continue the marathon.

CUT TO BLACK.

(Immediately transitions back to hardcore porn like nothing happened.)

Sketch #18: "Dirty Harry, Filthy Marcello"

[INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT]

Marcello and Anita are **going at it**, pure raw passion.

Things are **intense**, sweat dripping, bodies colliding—Marcello is **on the verge of climax.**

ANITA:

(Breathless, warning.)
"Careful, I'm full ovulating today."

Marcello **grits his teeth**, feeling the **unstoppable tidal wave of nut approaching**. His **eyes widen**—he knows this one is gonna be **a monster.**

Suddenly, Anita **locks eyes with him**, her face shifting into an eerie **Clint Eastwood squint.**

ANITA:

(Slow, steady, raspy voice.)
"You've gotta ask yourself a question: 'Do I feel lucky?' Well, do ya, punk?"

Marcello **FREEZES.**

His **body tenses** like a man defusing a bomb.

The **ticking clock sound effect plays in his head**.

The **pressure mounts**—he's standing on the edge of a precipice. One wrong move…

MARCELLO:

(Whimpering, panicked.)
"…I don't think I do."

He **YANKS OUT** at the last possible second, **nutting so hard it practically sends him flying backward.**

CUT TO BLACK.

(Immediately transitions back to hardcore porn like nothing happened.)

Sketch #19: "Gone with the Swallow"

[FLASHBACK – INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT]

Their **first night together**. The air is thick with **new lust**, the dim lighting casting flickering shadows on the walls.

Anita is **on her knees**, passionately **sucking Marcello's soul**

out like a woman **possessed**.

Marcello is **gripping the sheets**, his knuckles white, his **body convulsing** as he **teeters on the edge of oblivion**.

Then—**he loses it.**

MARCELLO:

(Screaming, shaking, body spasming.)
"AAGGGGHHH!!!"

A **biblical flood erupts into Anita's mouth**—so much that for a moment, the laws of physics seem to **bend in awe**.

Anita, **not missing a beat, swallows it all** with **absolute gusto.**

She **slowly lifts her head**, licks her lips, and then, with **dramatic determination**, gazes into the distance like a Civil War heroine.

ANITA:

(Firm, resolute, cinematic.)
"As God is my witness, I'll never be hungry again."

Marcello, still **shaking**, still **processing existence**, just **stares at her**, his mind **completely blank.**

MARCELLO:

(Panting, blinking slowly.)
"…I think I love you."

CUT TO BLACK.

(Immediately transitions back to hardcore porn like nothing happened.)

Sketch #20: "Scarface C Jaws: The Crossover"

[FLASHBACK – INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT]

Their first date, first time undressing together. The air is thick with anticipation.

Marcello has just **dropped his pants**, and Anita is **staring in**

stunned silence at the **enormous shark** hanging between his legs.

Her **mouth is slightly open**, her eyes scanning it like an art critic evaluating the Sistine Chapel. Marcello, ever the showman, takes a step forward.

MARCELLO:

(Grinning, spreading his arms like a mob boss about to conquer Miami.)
"Say hello to my little friend."

ANITA:

(Still staring, barely whispering.)
"…Little?"

Marcello just **smirks**.

She **slowly looks up at him**, then **back down**, then **back up**, her expression shifting from **shock to mischief**.

ANITA:

(Licking her lips, teasing.)
"I think I'm gonna need a *bigger* mouth." Marcello **laughs**,

shaking his head.

MARCELLO:

"Anita, you are the woman of my dreams." She **drops to her**

knees.

CUT TO BLACK.

(Immediately transitions back to hardcore porn like nothing happened.)

Sketch #21: "The Shining··· Shaft"

[FLASHBACK – INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT]

Their second night together. Now, the tension is **not about first-time nerves—it's pure, raw craving.**

Anita is **desperate for it.** Her hands are already **tugging at**

Marcello's boxers, her breath hot, her eyes filled with bad intentions.

She finally pulls them down— BOING!

His massive erection bounces like a diving board, springing straight up, nearly smacking her in the face.

Anita, eyes gleaming with wicked delight, slowly tilts her head sideways, peering up at him through her lashes.

Then—grinning like a lunatic—she lowers her face toward it, and in her best Jack Nicholson impression, growls:

ANITA:

"Heeeeeere's Johnny!"

Marcello just **stares at her**, completely at a loss.

MARCELLO:

(Breathless, blinking.)
"…Are you possessed?"

Anita **cackles** and **takes him into her mouth.** Marcello

immediately loses his grip on reality. CUT TO BLACK.

(Immediately transitions back to hardcore porn like nothing happened.)

Sketch #22: "Airplane! …Mode Off"

[INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT]

Marcello is **on his back**, fully relaxed, **eyes closed**, enjoying Anita's **expert touch**. Suddenly, he **feels something**—a single, **sneaky finger hovering dangerously close** to his **backdoor.**

His eyes **snap open**. He **freezes.**

MARCELLO:

(Alarmed, voice cracking.)
“Surely you can’t be serious?!”

Anita, **without missing a beat, pressing ever so gently against his sphincter,** looks him **dead in the eyes.**

ANITA:

(Completely straight-faced.)
“I am serious. And don’t call me Shirley.”

Marcello just **stares at her**, torn between **laughter, terror, and arousal.**

Beat.

MARCELLO:

(Sighing, resigned.)
"…Just use lube, for fuck's sake." Anita **grins, victorious.**

CUT TO BLACK.

(Immediately transitions back to hardcore porn like nothing happened.)

Sketch #23: "Star Trek: The Next Penetration"

[INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT]

Marcello is **lying on his back**, once again **fully relaxed**, enjoying Anita's sensual touch—until he **feels it.**

A **single finger**, ever so gently **pressing against his backdoor.**

His **eyes snap open**. He tenses.

MARCELLO:

(Suspicious, alarmed.)
"Where do you think you're going?!"

Anita, **grinning wickedly, pushing just a little further**, locks eyes with him and—**with absolute confidence—delivers the line:**

ANITA:

(Dramatic, like she's about to command the USS Enterprise.)
"To boldly go where no man has gone before." Marcello

suddenly relaxes, scoffs, then shakes his head.

MARCELLO:

(Chuckling, wry smirk.)
"Well… about that, you can be sure!"

Anita **bursts into laughter**, nearly collapsing onto him.

Marcello **grins**, shaking his head.

MARCELLO:

(Muttering to himself, sighing.)
"…Every damn time."

CUT TO BLACK.

(Immediately transitions back to hardcore porn like nothing happened.)

Sketch #24: "Monty Python and the Holy Pain"

[INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT]

Marcello is **lying back**, enjoying the moment, lost in the sensations. Suddenly—he feels it.

A single finger. Hovering. Threatening. Ready.

He **opens one eye**, suspicious.

Anita, her **face unreadable**, watches him like a scientist

about to conduct an irreversible experiment.

Then, without blinking, without hesitation, she solemnly declares—

ANITA:

“And now for something completely different.” AND

RAMS HER FINGER IN.

DEEP.

NO WARNING. NO PITY.

Marcello ARCHES OFF THE BED, his entire body

convulsing like he’s being electrocuted. His eyes shoot

open as his soul temporarily exits his body.

MARCELLO:

(High-pitched, strangled scream.)
“WAAAAAAAHHHH!!!”

His **legs kick out**, one foot **knocking over a lamp.**

Anita **grins, satisfied.**

Marcello, **panting, sweating, traumatized**, slowly turns his **wild, tear-filled eyes** to her.

MARCELLO:

(Voice cracking, near tears.)
“WHAT THE FUCK, ANITA?!”

ANITA:

(Shrugging, casual.)
“You heard me.”

Marcello **collapses onto the bed, groaning in despair.**

MARCELLO:

(Muttering.)

"…I hate you."

ANITA:

*(Smirking, pulling her finger out with a loud **POP!**.)*
"No, you don't."

CUT TO BLACK.

(Immediately transitions back to hardcore porn like nothing happened.)

Sketch #25: "Some Like It Soft"

[INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT]

Marcello and Anita are **going at it**, bodies slick with sweat, breath ragged. The tension is at its peak—Anita is **right there**, **on the edge**—

And then—

Marcello suddenly groans, spasms, and shoots his load.

MARCELLO:

(Panting, groaning, collapsing onto the bed.)
"…Fuck."

His **dick slowly deflates**, retreating like a defeated soldier after a long battle. Anita, **still left high and dry, staring at him, blinking.**

Beat.

She **exhales**, shrugs, and then—**deadpan, with perfect timing**—

ANITA:

"Well… nobody's perfect."

Marcello just **groans, covering his face with a pillow.**

MARCELLO:

(Muffled, mortified.)
"…Anita, I swear to God—"

Anita just **grins, rolling onto her back, staring at the ceiling.**

ANITA:

(Smirking, murmuring to herself.)
"…Maybe next time I should start quoting *Rocky* instead."

Marcello **groans louder.**

CUT TO BLACK.

(Immediately transitions back to hardcore porn like nothing happened.)

Sketch #26: "Taxi Driver… Style"

[INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT]

Marcello is **pounding Anita doggy style**, **wildly**,

aggressively, totally **in the zone**. His dirty talk is **filthy**,

words pouring out between gritted teeth—

MARCELLO:

(Grunting.)
"You filthy little—"

Suddenly, Anita turns her head back toward him, locking eyes mid-thrust.

ANITA:

(Dead serious.)
"You talking to me?"

Marcello **pauses for half a second**, confused, but then **keeps going**, muttering another insult.

ANITA:

(More insistent, her eyes narrowing.)
"You talking to me?"

Marcello, **slapping her ass, growling:**

MARCELLO:

“You dirty—”

ANITA:

(Cuts him off, fully committed now, voice getting louder.)
“You talking to me? You talking to me? Then who the hell else are you talking to?”

Marcello **is now completely thrown off**. His strokes **slow down.**

Anita, **without missing a beat, still looking at him over her shoulder, voice deep and intense:**

ANITA:

“Well, I’m the only one here.” Beat.

Marcello just **stares at her, panting, blinking.**

MARCELLO:

"…Anita, what the fuck?"

ANITA:

(Smirks, shrugging, still doggy style.)
"What, you can dirty talk, but I can't monologue?"

Marcello just **groans, shaking his head, and gets back to work.**

MARCELLO:

(Muttering.)
"…I swear, one day you're gonna quote *Finding Nemo* in bed."

ANITA:

(Grinning.)
"…Just keep swimming, baby."

CUT TO BLACK.

(Immediately transitions back to hardcore porn like nothing happened.)

Sketch #27: "The Cunnilingus Campaign"

[INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT]

Marcello is collapsed between Anita's legs, his face glazed, exhausted, battle-worn. He has just eaten her out to countless orgasms, his jaw aching, tongue sore, soul depleted.

Anita, still trembling from the aftermath, stares at the ceiling, completely wrecked in the best way possible.

Then—she slowly turns her head, looks at Marcello's barely conscious face, and—with great solemnity—quotes:

ANITA:

(Voice steady, filled with reverence.)
“Now, there was a real soldier. A real man. A man who devoted all he had to his duty, no matter how great the odds.”

Marcello, **panting, barely able to lift his head,** blinks **slowly** at her.

MARCELLO:

(Weakly, voice hoarse.)
“…Did… did you just quote **Patton**… about me eating you

out?” Anita, **grinning**, nods.

MARCELLO:

(Groaning, rubbing his temples.)
“…I hate that I’m flattered.”

ANITA:

(Softly, patting his head.)
“You did good, soldier.”

Marcello just **drops his face back onto her thigh in defeat.**

CUT TO BLACK.

(Immediately transitions back to hardcore porn like nothing happened.)

Sketch #28: "The Cleaner"

[INT. BEDROOM – MORNING]

Sunlight filters through the blinds. Anita **stirs awake**, stretching lazily. She sits up, feeling **well- rested and satisfied**—until she **notices the stain on the bedsheets.**

Her **eyes widen.**

ANITA:

(Whispers to herself, horrified.)
"Oh··· shit."

She turns to Marcello, nervous, but he's already standing by the bed, fully dressed, sleeves rolled up, holding a bottle of hydrogen peroxide and a bar of soap.

He looks at her calmly, nods once, and—in a perfect deadpan delivery—states:

MARCELLO:

"I'm Winston Wolfe. I solve problems."

Anita just stares at him.

Beat.

ANITA:

(Slowly breaking into laughter.)
"…Marcello, are you seriously *Pulp Fiction*-*ing* my period right now?" Marcello shrugs, already scrubbing the stain with precision.

MARCELLO:

(Smirking.)
"Hey, it's a thirty-minute drive. I'll be there in ten." Anita

laughs harder, throwing a pillow at him.

ANITA:

"God, I love you." Marcello just **winks. CUT TO BLACK.**

(Immediately transitions back to hardcore porn like nothing happened.)

Sketch #29: "Midnight Ass Grab"

[INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT]

Marcello is **strolling naked** by the bed, stretching, chest puffed out, exuding the confidence of a man who has just delivered **A+ dick.**

Anita, **lounging in bed**, watches him with **hungry eyes.**

As he **walks past**, she **suddenly pinches his firm, sexy butt.**

Marcello **immediately stops in his tracks**, **throws up both hands in frustration**, and—without missing a beat—**shouts:**

MARCELLO:

"I'M WALKING HERE! I'M WALKING HERE!"

Anita **bursts out laughing**, clapping her hands.

ANITA:

(Grinning, wiping a tear.)
"Oh my God, Marcello, did you just *Dustin Hoffman* me

over an ass grab?" Marcello, still **dramatically offended**,

rubs his butt cheek indignantly.

MARCELLO:

(Muttering, shaking his head.)

“I swear, next time you’re getting a *Godfather* response.”

ANITA:

(Smirking, biting her lip.)
“Ohhh, what’s it gonna be, big guy? *‘Look how they*

massacred my boy’?” Marcello just **groans and flops onto**

the bed.

Anita, **still giggling, reaches over and pinches his butt again.**

MARCELLO:

(Muffled, face buried in the pillow.)
“…I hate you.”

ANITA:

(Laughing, snuggling into him.)
“No, you don’t.”

CUT TO BLACK.

(Immediately transitions back to hardcore porn like nothing happened.)

Sketch #30: "A Few Hard Men"

[INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT]

Marcello is lying on his back, arms crossed, pretending to be cool and indifferent, while Anita smirks at him knowingly.

She leans in close, running a finger down his chest.

ANITA:

(Soft, teasing, but certain.)
"You could never lie to me. Pretend you don't like me all you want, but your body betrays you. It tells the truth."

Marcello raises an eyebrow, playing dumb.

MARCELLO:

(Feigning ignorance.)
"What truth?"

Anita suddenly reaches down, grabs his rock-hard erection firmly, lifting it like evidence in a courtroom.

ANITA:

(Smirking, looking him in the eye.)
"This truth."

Marcello pauses for a second, staring at her.

Then—he suddenly shouts, voice booming, dramatic as hell:

MARCELLO:

"YOU CAN'T HANDLE THE TRUTH!"

Anita bursts out laughing, nearly collapsing onto him.

ANITA:

(Wheezing, shaking her head.)
"Oh my God, did you just *Jack Nicholson* me with your

dick in my hand?" Marcello **grins, winking.**

MARCELLO:

(Smug, nodding at his erection.)
"Well, it's kind of a commanding officer."

Anita just **laughs harder**, shaking her head, before **straddling him**.

ANITA:

(Grinning.)
"Well, let's see if it can handle *me*."

CUT TO BLACK.

(Immediately transitions back to hardcore porn like nothing happened.)

Sketch #31: "The Big Blow"

[INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT]

Marcello is **rock hard**, **throbbing**, **aching**—his body practically begging for release.

Anita, however, is in **full tease mode**. She's **hovering over him**, grinning, **dragging her fingers down his chest** without giving him what he so desperately wants.

Marcello's **patience is running out.**

MARCELLO:

(Groaning, gritting his teeth.)
"Anita, seriously—"

Anita just **giggles**, still refusing to go down.

Marcello suddenly **grabs both her wrists**, **pulls her head down toward his dick**, and—just as her lips are about to make contact—**he locks eyes with her and smirks.**

Then, **in the smoothest possible voice, he delivers:**

MARCELLO:

"Just put your lips together… and blow."

Anita's **eyes go wide.**

She **stares at him**, momentarily stunned.

Then—her **lips slowly curl into a mischievous grin.**

ANITA:

(Whispering, right before taking him in.)
"…Smooth, Bogart. Real smooth." And then—**she blows.**

CUT TO BLACK.

(Immediately transitions back to hardcore porn like nothing happened.)

Sketch #32: "Life is Hard (and So Am I)"

[INT. BEDROOM – MORNING]

Anita **slowly wakes up**, **eyes fluttering open**, stretching lazily under the covers.

As she turns her head, she suddenly **notices Marcello—already awake, lying next to her, staring at her with an intense, loving gaze.**

Before she can say a word, he **softly whispers:**

MARCELLO:

(With deep affection, perfect Italian accent.)
"Buongiorno, Principessa."

Anita just **blinks at him.**

Beat.

ANITA:

(Still groggy, confused.)
"…Marcello, have you just been **lying there**, waiting for me to wake up so you could say that?"

MARCELLO:

(Shrugs, smirking.)
"Maybe."

Anita **raises an eyebrow**, **lifts the sheets**, and **glances down.**

ANITA:

(Deadpan.)
"…You have **morning wood** and *this* is what you lead with?"

MARCELLO:

(Grinning, pulling her closer.)
"I'm a romantic."

Anita just **laughs, rolling on top of him.**

ANITA:

(Grinning, straddling him.)
"Well, let's see if you can make me feel *beautiful* today, *Guido*."

CUT TO BLACK.

(Immediately transitions back to hardcore porn like nothing happened.)

Sketch #33: "The People's Revolution"

[INT. DARK ROOM – A PORN VIEWING PARTY – NIGHT]

A group of **porn enthusiasts** is **gathered around a giant screen**, watching the original **hardcore porn film** play out.

At first, everyone is **engrossed in the action**—moans fill the room, the glow of the screen reflecting on their eager faces. But then—**another sketch break happens.**

The room **erupts in laughter.** People **clap, cheer, and wipe tears from their eyes. CUT BACK TO PORN.**

Suddenly, the energy **shifts.**

The audience **groans.**

One man in the front row **throws up his hands.**

ANGRY VIEWER #1:

(Frustrated.)
"Ugh, not this boring ass penetration again."

ANGRY VIEWER #2:

(Nods, crossing arms.)
"Yeah, yeah, we get it—he fucks her. **WHERE'S THE NEXT SKETCH?!**" A **murmur spreads through the crowd.**

Someone in the back **throws popcorn at the screen.**

Then—**a single voice rises.**

REBELLIOUS VIEWER:

(Standing up, fist raised in the air.)
"ENOUGH WITH THE PORN! WE WANT THE SKETCHES!"

A **roar erupts from the crowd.**

Torches **mysteriously appear.**

A man in a **bathrobe and slippers** raises a pitchfork.

Someone else waves a banner that says **"MORE JOKES, LESS CUM"**.

The room **descends into chaos** as the audience **starts rioting against the porn itself.**

ANGRY VIEWER #3:

(Pointing at the screen, outraged.)
"Skip the penetration! SHOW US MARCELLO'S SHAMEFUL PILLOW SCREAMING AGAIN!"

A **TV remote is launched at the screen.**

A man **grabs the DVD player** and **throws it out the window.**

CUT TO BLACK.

(Immediately transitions back to another sketch like nothing happened.)

Sketch #34: "Sunset Strip Boulevard"

[INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT]

Marcello is **lying back**, eyes squeezed shut, **groaning**, his whole body **tense with anticipation.**

Anita is **stroking him**, her hand **expertly working him to the edge.**

The pressure builds—Marcello is **seconds away from release.**

Then, **right as he's about to explode, Anita locks eyes with him, smirks, and—completely deadpan—delivers:**

ANITA:

(Dramatic, sultry, perfect old-Hollywood voice.)
"I'm ready for my close-up, Mr. DeMille."

Marcello **barely has time to process** what she just said—

BOOM.

He **ejaculates HARD, spurting onto her face.**

But Anita, **ever the artist, grabs his tip mid-release and angles it**, expertly **moving it around like a film director adjusting a spotlight.**

The **final shots land EVERYWHERE—her forehead, her cheeks, her lips—pure cinematic mastery.**

She **licks a drop off her lip**, **tilts her head elegantly**, and **blinks up at him through dripping lashes.**

Marcello, **panting, staring at her in complete shock.**

MARCELLO:

(Breathless, disoriented.)
"…Anita… what the fuck?"

ANITA:

(Smirking, wiping her face like a movie star powdering her nose.)
"Some girls dream of Oscars. I take what I can get."

Marcello **groans, covering his face.**

MARCELLO:

(Muttering.)
"…I hate that that just turned me on again." Anita **laughs,**

crawling up to kiss him.

CUT TO BLACK.

(Immediately transitions back to hardcore porn like nothing happened.)

Sketch #35: "Notting Cock"

[INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT]

Marcello is **lying back**, still **recovering** from their last round, **exhausted but satisfied.**

Anita, however, is **far from done.** She **sits up, eyes gleaming, practically vibrating with energy.**

ANITA:

(Eager, bouncing slightly.)
"I want to fuck again."

Marcello **groans**, rubbing his face.

MARCELLO:

(Exasperated, half-laughing.)
"Anita, it's called a **refractory period.** It takes a few

minutes." Anita **ignores him completely.**

Instead, she **straddles him**, placing her **pussy right in front of his semi-hard dick.**

Then—she **grabs her pussy lips with one hand and his dick with the other, manipulating them like two talking dolls.**

She **clears her throat.**

In a high-pitched, dramatic voice, she makes her pussy speak:

ANITA (AS HER PUSSY):

(Soft, heartfelt.)
"I'm just a girl… standing in front of a boy… asking him to love her."

Marcello just **stares at her.**

Beat.

MARCELLO:

(Rubbing his temples.)
"Anita, are you seriously quoting *Notting Hill*… with your **genitals?**"

ANITA:

(Smirking, wiggling her 'talking' pussy-lips.)
"Don't be rude, Marcello. She's pouring her heart out."

Marcello just **groans**, but then—he **glances down.**

His **dick twitches.**

Anita **grins victoriously.**

ANITA:

(Giggling.)
"Looks like someone's ready for his big romantic finale."

Marcello **shakes his head, chuckling.**

MARCELLO:

(Sighing, lifting her hips.)
"…I'm going to hell for this."

CUT TO BLACK.

(Immediately transitions back to hardcore porn like nothing happened.)

Sketch #36: "The People's Coup"

[INT. PORN PRODUCTION STUDIO – NIGHT]

The **studio is in chaos.**

Producers, directors, and porn stars **huddle inside**, peeking nervously through the blinds as the
angry mob gathers outside.

The **revolution has arrived.**

Hundreds of fans—**brandishing torches, pitchforks, and protest signs that read "MORE SKETCHES, LESS CUM"**—are **chanting furiously.**

ANGRY CROWD:

(Chanting in unison.)
"WE WANT SKETCHES! WE WANT SKETCHES!"

A **rock suddenly flies through the window, shattering glass.**

Inside, the **lead porn producer** ducks behind a desk, **shaking.** PRODUCER:

(Panicked, turning to his assistant.)
"What the fuck is happening?! I thought people wanted to **jerk off!**"

His **assistant, sweating profusely**, shakes their head.

ASSISTANT:

(Whispers, voice trembling.)
"Sir… they don't want the porn anymore. They just want the sketches." Another **rock smashes through a different window.**

The **mob grows louder.**

ANGRY FAN #1:

(Screaming.)
"DOWN WITH THE HARDCORE! SKETCHES ONLY!"

ANGRY FAN #2:

(Holding a megaphone.)
"GIVE US MARCELLO AND ANITA! CUT THE FUCKING AND KEEP THE JOKES!"

ANGRY FAN #3:

*(Holding a sign that reads **"SHAKEN, NOT STIRRED"** with a picture of a bouncing dick.)*
"WE HAVE SPOKEN!"

Inside, the **producers start sweating.**

The **director**, a grizzled old man who's been making porn since the **VHS days**, sighs, rubbing his temples.

DIRECTOR:

(Defeated, nodding slowly.)
"…We gotta pivot, boys."

The **producer wipes his forehead**, looking around.

PRODUCER:

(Desperate.)
"Alright, alright! We'll give them what they want!"

He **grabs a megaphone**, takes a deep breath, and **shouts out the broken window:**

PRODUCER:

(Shouting.)
"OKAY, OKAY! NO MORE HARDCORE! FROM NOW ON, IT'S ONLY SKETCHES!"

The crowd falls silent for a second.

Then—A MASSIVE CHEER ERUPTS.

People hug each other, toss their torches in the air, and start dancing. Someone in the crowd throws a bra into the sky.

A single voice rises above the crowd:

FAN:

(Triumphant, raising a fist in the air.)
"THE PEOPLE HAVE WON!"

A brass band suddenly appears from nowhere and starts

playing "Ode to Joy." CUT TO BLACK.

(Immediately transitions to a sketch like nothing happened.)

Sketch #37: “The Grand Finale”

[INT. THEATER STAGE – NIGHT]

The stage is **bathed in golden light.** A massive velvet curtain **slowly parts**, revealing **Anita and Marcello, hand in hand, standing tall.**

The crowd erupts.

The **cheering is deafening.** People **jump from their seats, screaming, waving banners.** Some fans are **crying.**

CROWD:

(Chanting wildly.)

“ANITA! MARCELLO! ANITA! MARCELLO!”

Anita and Marcello **gracefully bow together**, still holding hands.

CROWD:

(Volume doubles.)

“ANITA! MARCELLO! ANITA! MARCELLO!”

Anita then **takes a solo bow, while Marcello steps back, proudly gesturing at her.**

The **crowd goes absolutely feral.**

Marcello then **takes his own bow, as Anita steps back and presents him like a king.**

The **crowd ascends into a higher plane of existence.**

A **man in the front row collapses from sheer excitement.**

A woman in the balcony **faints, overwhelmed.**

The applause **reaches seismic levels.**

Marcello, soaking in the moment, raises a hand to quiet the audience.

The crowd instantly hushes, holding their breath.

Then—he speaks.

MARCELLO:

(Smooth as silk.)

"And now… an encore."

The crowd gasps.

Marcello lays down on the stage, arms behind his head, grinning.

Anita climbs on top of him, straddling him elegantly.

She slowly, sensually points at her pussy.

ANITA:

(Sultry, dramatic.)

"Marcello… come here."

The crowd loses their fucking minds.

Men are weeping.

Women are fainting.

Roses rain down onto the stage.

A full marching band spontaneously materializes in the orchestra pit and plays "Ode to Joy."

Fireworks go off.

A nun in the back makes the sign of the cross and whispers, "It is done."

CUT TO BLACK.

(Immediately transitions back to another sketch like nothing happened.)

Porn meets parody. Sex meets satire. And the audience, quite literally, revolts.

Flamenco Sketches begins as a classic adult film—sweaty bodies, dramatic moans, high-gloss thrusting. But just as things heat up, reality breaks. Suddenly, the actors are quoting *Casablanca*, channeling *Monty Python*, and reenacting *The Godfather* with semen as the central prop. The sex resumes after each sketch, as if nothing happened. But something has.

The line between hardcore and high-concept humor dissolves. The audience inside the film begins to reject the porn itself, demanding more sketches, more jokes, more meaning. A riot erupts. A banner is raised. The cumshot loses its crown.

Flamenco Sketches is a filthy, feverish, cinephilic mindfuck—where every thrust might be interrupted by a monologue, and every moan might end in Marx. It's the first porno where the plot takes over, the crowd cheers the punchline, and the only thing wetter than the sheets is the eye of someone laughing too hard to climax.

The cumshot was never the goal. It was just the transition.